

TOM LAWSON DOES A GREAT ADVERTISING STUNT

He Reaps a Golden Harvest & He Certainly Knows the Value of Newspaper Publicity.

On the fifth day of last week's advertising campaign for the Bay State gas stock, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson began his quarter-page advertisement with a statement which, as even the most hardened cynic of the system will say, does not admit the shadow of a doubt. "The public must be interested, yes, even blase Wall Street must be interested to know how another human critter, who has stood alone on the big mountain top for four days blowing a bugle blast to the big, bustling, bustling world below, feels at listening time."

Mr. Lawson's ability to choose picturesque metaphors has not failed him. Yesterday had seen the culmination of the first period of his new campaign. In four days his expense for advertising space, telegraph and cable tolls, translations and incidental charges had approximated \$150,000. His masterly advertisements had appeared simultaneously in 154 newspapers in seventy important cities, nearly all of which received their quarter-page and half-page copy over the wire from Boston. A conservative estimate would place the number of newspaper copies bearing his messages to the people at not less than 6,250,000 copies daily for the four days. There you have the mountain on which he stood to blow his bugle call to the busy world.

What was the answer? "Never in the history of stocks," Mr. Lawson goes on to say, "has there been a response to any offer to compare with yesterday's answer to my call—from every nook and corner of the world has come telegraphic orders."

"The Boston official sheet shows 415,000 shares, New York about 100,000 shares traded in. In addition there was a last to the official sheet during the terrific excitement of the first hour, over 150,000 shares in Boston and 50,000 in New York. The total transactions were probably well over 700,000 shares, or as much as the total of yesterday's stock exchange for all stocks."

"The total sales in Boston alone, at the close of the fifth day, amounted to 709,595 shares."

This latest advertising series of Mr. Lawson has already broken a number of records which he has established by his world-wide marketing of Yukon gold stock. The largest

advertisement of the Bay State gas series to be sent to the newspapers by wire contained 4841 words. This is the largest advertisement ever sent over the wires. There was a telegraph charge of \$400 for transmitting this advertisement to a western city, the newspapers of which will charge only \$135 for printing this announcement, and there were a number of similar instances.

But this is Mr. Lawson's way of doing things. He knows how to get the people talking about his advertising as well as reading it. He is a master of method not less than he is a master of style. He didn't announce until the fourth day of the present series of big advertisements the name of the goods he had to sell. What other man would have dared to spend such a vast amount of money in this unprecedented manner?

Like Collier's Japanese school boy, "we require no answer."

For there is only one Thomas W. Lawson of Boston. The genius of the man reveals itself not only in every line he writes, but also in no less strength between the lines.

And from the H. B. Humphrey Co., of Boston, the agency which places all his advertising, he obtains a service absolutely without a parallel in the world. No other agency has ever been called upon to deliver such service, and the perfection of the system in the office of the Humphrey Company has been the work of years.

Mr. Lawson's copy comes into the agency fresh from his pen. It is likely to arrive at any minute between 5 o'clock in the afternoon and 1 o'clock in the evening. The financier steps into his waiting automobile and rolls away to dreamland, with never one advertising care on his mind for the night.

He knows full well that the morning newspapers of the following day will print that advertisement practically in identical form in all the chief cities of the United States and Canada, and in various languages, and in marvelous forms in Soudan, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other cities across the Atlantic.

A visitor to the offices of the Humphrey Company sees nothing out of the ordinary office procedure during the Lawson activities. But while the campaign is on it is safe to wager that you can find somebody on the job at the agency at almost any hour of the seven days of the week.

Mr. J. J. Smith, of Citronelle, Citrus county, claims to have lost \$9,000 head of cattle by reason of the phosphate miners polluting the waters of Withlacoochee river. Didn't know there were so many cattle in Citrus county—8,000 dead belonging to one man.

The Methodist Conference Orphanage is to be located at the old town of Enterprise, on property known as the Arcade. Miss Emma Tucker, evangelist, gives twenty acres suitable for trucking purposes. Benson Springs are not far away. Things are looking up at Enterprise.

While it may be true, as asserted by the eastern press that Harry K. Thaw is suffering more acutely from phlebotomy than insanity, phlebotomy is the best treatment for tenderloinitis complicated with sporadic homicide.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A monument is being erected to Jonathan Smith, whose speech in the Massachusetts convention "saved the federal constitution." It is a good time for somebody to dig up that speech and repeat it now.—Atlanta Journal.

When the large excursion of farmers from Ottawa, Illinois, comes to the East Coast next month, the visitors, during their visit of inspection to Fort Pierce, will be entertained by the Fort Pierce Board of Trade.

There seems something always in readiness to give trouble. "Near beer" is now giving any amount of trouble in Atlanta.

A writer in the Courier-Journal wants to know if judges should wear gowns. Certainly they ought—at least at night.

Tom Watson will get his own vote this year and that is a great deal, or at least he thinks it is.

The papers in Florida not Democratic have a significant leaning towards Broward. What does it mean?

It is said that one million dollars will be raised in army circles for the defense of Captain Hains.

SARTORIAL DILEMMAS.

Weighty Problems That Are Puzzling Our English Cousins.

A problem is put forward by a writer in a contemporary which gives food for thought. It is this: Suppose by some combination of circumstances you were faced by the alternative of wearing a frock coat with brown boots. Which would be the better way out of it—to wear a bowler or a tall hat? As the writer justly remarks, if you wear a bowler then the thing you have to explain away is the coat. If you wear a tall hat, you have only the boots to account for. We should advise those of our readers who find one morning that all the wearing apparel in the house had been stolen during the night with the exception of a frock coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt, collar, vest, tie, a pair of brown boots and two hats—one tall, the other round—to cut the Gordian knot by staying in bed. Another of life's dilemmas which may face the traveler down the world's dusty highway has to do with collars. Suppose on arriving at a house for a week end and starting to dress for dinner you find that your evening collars have got wetted by your sponge or otherwise defaced. Should you wear a clean double collar or a dirty orthodox evening collar? In the former case you will be natty, but a thing of loathing to all properly constituted men. In the latter you will give the impression that you cannot afford the services of a laundry.—London Globe.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS.

The Great Warrior Was Fond of Perfume and Clean Linen.

It is pleasant to learn if one has Napoleon I. on the hero list that he had very dainty habits in personal matters; that he was fastidiously clean in his person, according to an article in a French contemporary, and poured eau de cologne into the water he washed in, then sponged his head with perfume and finally poured the remainder of the contents of the flask over his neck and shoulders. He was also extravagantly fond of clean linen and during his campaigns had relays of it sent to different places. In those days it did not cost a farm to have starched things laundered, for, in account with a famous laundress in Paris, the emperor's linen for one wash amounted to 386 pieces and cost only a trifle over \$20.

This strikes an American as very reasonable, but his majesty never wore any article but once, and, as he always undressed himself without aid from his valet, his garments were literally cast to the four corners of the room. Napoleon's bill for eau de cologne, however, exceeded the washerwoman's by a large majority. It is a relief to learn that the Little Corporal was so much a dandy. Some of his predecessors in the Tuilleries were not blessed with such excellent habits if history is to be relied upon.

To Make Waxed Paper.

This is used for keeping substances which contain either a volatile aromatic ingredient or grease, which would penetrate through ordinary paper. On a flat sheet of copper over a gentle fire place a sheet of paper as a base and then lay a second sheet on the top of the first. Coat this second sheet with yellow or white wax and distribute the latter uniformly over the entire sheet by means of a sponge, exerting a little pressure, till the paper is everywhere transparent and consequently permeated by the wax. If the fire is too feeble, the process will be retarded. Too powerful a flame is still more harmful, as the paper is liable to become brown or black. Stearin may be used instead of wax.—Der Industriose Geschäftsman.

Sure to Be There.

An old Scotch farmer was lying on what he thought was his deathbed. He began to give orders to his wife about his funeral and the people to be invited. His wife, knowing that he was not dying, paid but little attention to his requests, and this so enraged the farmer that he rose on his elbow and cried out:

"What need I speak? There'll be naething dune richt unless I'm there myself!"

His wife, patting him on the shoulder, replied: "Toots, man, Bauldy! Keep yer min' easy. Ye'll be the principal man there."—Glasgow Times.

Where They Gas Away.

Of the late Langdon Smith, the brilliant journalist and author of New York, a Denver reporter narrated anecdotes the other day.

"I remember," he said, "my first visit to Washington. Smith, big and handsome and vivacious, showed me about. From an eminence a great pale dome rose up against the blue sky, the dome of the capitol.

"What is that?" said I. "That?" said Smith. "Oh, that's the national gas works."

In One Lesson.

He—Your sister said she couldn't dance. She—Well, can she?

"Yes; I made her. We hadn't been on the floor a minute when I stepped on her foot. You just ought to have seen her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Misnamed.

Towne—Why do you call young Fetherbrane "Cholly?" His first name is Noah.

Browne—Yes, but that's so inappropriate. Noah had sense enough to get in out of the rain.—Philadelphia Press.

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; he who dares not is a slave.—Byron.

A LITTLE ONE SIDED.

An Exchange of Presents That Was Not Wholly Satisfactory.

John Mitchell, the labor leader, was discussing on one occasion a labor struggle of the past.

"You see, they didn't give us a fair deal," he said. "It looked fair on its face, but really it was like the deal of Harvey Barr of Braidwood.

"Harvey Barr, a successful lawyer, had a wonderful talent for getting the best of people. Even at home he kept his talent in play. His wife said to him one morning:

"Harvey, dear, this is the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding. What are you going to give me?"

"This is what I am going to give you," Harvey answered affectionately, and he handed his wife \$15 in crisp, fresh bills.

"Oh, thank you! And what shall I give you?" the gratified wife asked.

"That meerschaum pipe I've been admiring so long," Harvey promptly announced.

"In the evening on his return home the pipe awaited him. It had cost just \$15. He lit up and began to color it carefully. But as the evening wore on his wife seemed ill at ease.

"Where is my present, Harvey?" she said at last fretfully.

"Why, my dear," Harvey explained, "you gave me a pipe. I gave you \$15. Don't you see? We're just even."—St. Louis Republic.

TOLD BY THE THUMB.

One Way, So They Say, of Reading a Person's Character.

The closer the thumb is set to the wrist, the greater the amount of amiable qualities a person possesses. And, conversely, the higher on the hand the thumb is set, the lower the order of his mental and moral makeup.

Monkeys' thumbs abut from the hand at a point close to the fingers. The closer to this formation a human being comes the more monkey-like intelligence and character he is apt to have.

A thumb set very close to the wrist shows sympathy for all in distress. Great generosity, independence, love of liberty for self and others and a readiness to share with the unfortunate.

When the second phalanx of the thumb is much longer than the nail phalanx, there is a discordant relation between reason and will.

Reason preponderates to such an extent that the entire life is spent in planning what to do without ever doing.

A person of this kind sees clearly what is best for him, but lacks determination to put it into execution.

He sees the goal and the steps necessary for attaining it, but in the same glance he takes in all the obstacles, and while he is pondering the matter the opportunity to win success escapes.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Seeking the Light.

At a dinner during an Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him:

"Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious query. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who after dinner sought his host.

"I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B's. She asked if butter flew because tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Thoughtful Tyrant.

Major Hayford Thorold, second in command of the First battalion, Duke of Wellington's regiment, had an odd experience in Matabeland in 1896 when sent to restore order in a little township called Gwelo. On arrival there he found the acting commandant, an ex-storekeeper, in a state bordering on delirium tremens, so he had him locked up. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following wire:

Chamberlain, London: Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

English Army Horses.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to himself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354 will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called his "veterinary history sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.—London Army Journal.

Something Comic.

Brownbigge (to waitress who has handed him a newspaper)—Ain't yer got nothing comic? I likes to have something funny to look at while I'm a-heating. Waitress—There's a looking glass straight in front of you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

An Unhappy Outlook.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. Caretaker—Yes, sir. Some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor molding next door, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Mutual Reluctance.

"Here is my seat, madam, but candor compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am." "Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.—Dana.

A BIG SUIT IS FILED

Wants Certain Phosphate Companies to Cough Up One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

A special from Inverness says that a suit which will be watched with a great deal of interest has been filed in the clerk's office, it being that of J. J. Smith, one of the most substantial citizens of Citronelle, who sues the Dunnellon Phosphate Company, the Camp Phosphate Company, J. Buttgenbach & Co., and Schilman & Bene for \$100,000 damages. The cause of the action, as stated in Mr. Smith's declaration, is, briefly, as follows:

That each of the defendants own and operate phosphate pants on the banks of the Withlacoochee river, several miles above Smith's farm, which is also located on the banks of the river.

That the defendants put into the waters of said river from their mining plants certain refused, muddy, filthy and poisonous matter, which pollutes the waters of the river.

That the current of the river brings the refused, muddy, filthy and poisonous matter down the stream and deposits the same along the banks of the stream, and that the accumulation of this mud and other filthy substance

has rendered the banks of the river dangerous, the mud being deposited several feet deep in his pasture.

That plaintiff's cattle feed in this pasture, and in going to the river for water they bog down and mire up in the mud and die, and in this way Mr. Smith charges that he has lost 8000 head of cattle within the last six years.

Mr. Smith further charges that the filthy and poisonous matter so deposited by the defendants in the river has killed all the fish or driven them out of the river, to his damage, and that it gives off obnoxious and poisonous odors which are very offensive, and that they have rendered his premises undesirable and unfit for habitation. He charges that he has often requested the defendants to desist from using the river as a slush pond for their phosphate mines; that they have not heeded this notice, and hence the suit.

Mr. Smith is represented by M. B. Grace, son of Representative-Elect E. S. Grace of the Mississippi bar, and Col. Ed W. Davis of Ocala, and Col. T. P. Lloyd, a member of the local bar.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

To the Sheriff of Marion County, of the State of Florida:

Be it known that I, H. Clay Crawford, secretary of state of the state of Florida, do hereby give notice that a general election will be held in Marion county, state of Florida, on Tuesday next succeeding the first Monday in November, A. D. 1908, the said Tuesday being the third day of November.

For five presidential electors. For representative from the 1st congressional district of Florida, in the Sixty-first Congress of the United States.

For governor of the state of Florida. For secretary of state of the state of Florida.

For attorney general of the state of Florida.

For comptroller of the state of Florida.

For treasurer of the state of Florida.

For superintendent of public instruction of the state of Florida.

For commissioner of agriculture of the state of Florida.

For two justices of the supreme court of the state of Florida.

For railroad commissioner of the state of Florida.

For two members of the house of representatives of the state of Florida.

For county judge.

For sheriff.

For clerk of the circuit court.

For county assessor of taxes.

For tax collector.

For county superintendent of public instruction.

For county treasurer.

For county surveyor.

For five county commissioners.

For three members of the county board of public instruction.

For justice of the peace in and for the following justice districts, viz:

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32.

For constable in and for the following justice districts, viz:

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the great seal of the state of Florida, at Tallahassee, the capital, this first day of September, A. D. 1908.

(S.S.) H. CLAY CRAWFORD.

Secretary of State.

To Henry Gordon, Sheriff Marion County.

8-28-wtf.

"Mr. Hisgen is a fiddler," says the Washington Herald. Up to now there has come information that Mr. Hisgen is Mr. Hearst's choice as the head of Mr. Hearst's party, that he manufactures axle grease for gain and plays the fiddle for pastime, and runs for office for Hearst for accommodation. That is all the newspapers can ascertain about him.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

National

President of the United States—WM. J. BRYAN.
Vice President of the United States—JOHN W. KERN.
United States Senator—DUNCAN U. FLETCHER.
Member of Congress, 1st District—S. M. SPARKMAN.
Presidential Electors—H. P. BAILEY.
P. W. BUTLER.
GEORGE C. MARTIN.
SAMUEL PASCO.

State

Governor—ALBERT W. GILCHRIST.
Comptroller—A. C. CROOM.
Railroad Commissioner—ROYAL C. DUNN.
Treasurer—W. V. KNOTT.
Secretary of State—H. CLAY CRAWFORD.
Attorney General—PARK M. TRAMMELL.
State Supt. of Public Instruction—WM. M. HOLLOWAY.
Commissioner of Agriculture—B. E. MCCLIN.
Justices of the Supreme Court—WILLIAM A. HOCKER.
THOS. M. SHACKLEFORD.

County

Representatives—L. D. CARN of Ocala.
W. S. LIGHT of Reddick.
County Judge—JOSEPH BELL of Ocala.
Clerk of Circuit Court—S. T. SISTRUNK of Ocala.
Sheriff—JOHN P. GALLOWAY of Ocala.
Tax Collector—E. L. CARNEY of Ocala.
Tax Assessor—ALFRED AYER of Ocala.
Treasurer—THOMAS PASTEUR of Ocala.
Supt. Public Instruction—J. H. BRINSON.
County Commissioners—Dis. 1—George MacKay, Ocala.
Dis. 2—J. M. Mathews, Flemington.
Dis. 3—M. M. Proctor, Pedro.
Dis. 4—N. A. Fort, Lynne.
Dis. 5—W. J. Crosby, Citra.
Members of School Board—Dis. 1—Isaac Stevens, Ocala.
Dis. 2—B. R. Blitch, Blitchton.
Dis. 3—J. S. Grantham, Ft. McCoy.

Hoke Smith is coming back into his own in Georgia.